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TAZEWELL, VA., JULY 12, 1912.

For Congress—9th District:

GEN. R. A. AYERS,
of Wise County.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE

You will find the text in Leviticus, 25th Chapter, upon which a little preachment—"a few feeble remarks" will be made:

"And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. It shall be a jubilee unto you. And ye shall return every man unto his possessions, and ye shall return every man unto his family. * * * And ye shall not oppress one another."

Once every half century the Jews rubbed out the slate and began over again. Fifty years seemed long enough for one state of things to stand. A new deal was had. Every man gave up his possessions. All property reverted. All prisoners and slaves were released and given their freedom. A new order was introduced. "Ye shall not oppress one another." To give unlimited power led to oppression then, even under benign and rigid laws and great leaders. Moses foresaw this. The year of jubilee was to be an established institution.

The Republican party has been in power and control about 50 years, and the year of jubilee has come. The nomination of Wilson means a new era—an era of freedom from shackles grown rusty with age.

The Democratic party—the party of the people, with the great leader—its Moses—in front, has turned its face to the rising sun. The rule of the boss is ended. Partnership between the government and corrupt business in politics is, this good year, dissolved, not by mutual consent, but forcibly, by the masses. A new America, renewed by public opinion, responsive to the spirit of the age, is here. What was it Abraham Lincoln said about 50 years ago? If memory is correct it was at Gettysburg, something like this: He hoped "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

This is jubilee year, brethren! We must draw in our horns; we must stop kicking and horning. We have whacked the reactionaries in our own party. We have let them know that we know what they did and where they stood, and that ought to be enough. They have all repented, or at least, confessed, and said they are with us. They have volunteered in the army of liberation. Don't whip the child until he cries, then whip him for crying, and keep on whipping until he hushes, and then whip him because he cried. Let's stop using the sword and the club and substitute the olive branch instead. "Ye shall not oppress or persecute, or take vengeance upon one another." We are all brethren. This is the year of jubilee. Please sing the 565th hymn! "The year of jubilee is come. Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

SYLLA OR ANTONY?

It is questionable whether in the political history of our republic can be cited any single triumph as surprising, signal, and sweeping as Bryan's victory in the Baltimore convention. The moral and physical audacity of the undertaking—the dramatic and thrilling climaxes of eloquence and strategy, and the indisputable completeness of the achievement—are simply astounding. It was St. George against the Dragon, Sampson against the Philistines. On one side a divinely gifted man, an abstract idealist, a magnetic and splendid personality, an orator as great as any since Demosthenes, an impassioned and dauntless incarnation of democracy. On the other side an octopus with tentacles of gold, an organization long in the making and flawless in mechanism, a money-

gloated, power-bloated retinue of vice-entailed corruption, a perfect and powerful machine with nationwide ramifications rooted in billions of wealth.

Fresh from the Republican convention in Chicago, with songs of victory and an air of perfect assurance, this sexless, gold-inspired Plunderbund came to Baltimore. The cards were stacked. The steam-roller was oiled and spiked. Drawn up in battle-line was an army of intriguers, manipulators, wire-pullers, pug bodyguards, professional corruptionists, Ryans and rascals, Belmonts, bullies, and bartenders, scheming Senators and flanking Congressmen, Clark Street flinky-dinks and Bowery gutter-snipes—withal a stupendous cohesive composite of corruption that had never known defeat and was ready, yea eager, to crush progressive democracy as under a mighty dead-fall.

The program was arranged, the convention opened, and time called. The thrice-defeated, thrice-armed Bryan appeared single-handed on the platform as the people's challenger. In the first skirmish he met with apparent defeat. Progressive democracy was knocked through the ropes. The Tammany-packed galleries yelled their delight. The Lewises and Blythes and all the paid prostitutes of Privilege wired their craped and crushing obituaries. The Hearsts and Wattersons shouted hallelujahs. The Roanoke Times took another hitch and the Times-Dispatch threw a rapturous fit. The beaten Bryan smiled himself out at the back door of the convention hall and his friends threw up the sponge in disappointment and despair. The Ryans and Belmonts and Murphys, the Martins and Swansons and Parkers, winked at each other with unrestrained and "wasn't-it-easy" complacence. And the Tammany tiger beat a malicious tattoo with the ringed tip of his tail.

So much for the first round. But the vidette who had innocently smiled himself out by the rear door, came back again by way of the center aisle. This time he was in a general's uniform, and the lightning of battle was in his eye. He rallied his routed forces and "pointed to Mars as he shone like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast." Eros went out through a window and Jove came down through the rafters!

It was a battle of blood-spilling and bruises that lasted for six days. "Three hundred cannon threw up their emetic, and twenty thousand muskets flung their pills like hail, to make a bloody diuretic." Under the commanding generals, the allied forces charged and were swept back; they fought from ambush and were mowed down in the open; they plotted and thrust and threatened. Bogus telegrams sped like poisoned arrows from a thousand quivers. Tons of red-inked newspapers with insidious scare heads were distributed by excited flunkies. Floods and Stanchfields were dispatched from the ranks to vomit gorges of hate and vituperation. "Death-cries drowning in the battle's roar!" Trick, treachery, trade, sneaked from standard to standard. Every marked card known to the political game was played. Eastside hoodlums were hired to rattle and piking toppers were drunk to confound.

The result? Money and the Mob went down for the count, and under the arch of triumph stood W. J. like "Glory smiling o'er a sea of slaughter."

The atmosphere has now sufficiently cleared to permit one to sift from the conflicting jargon of depreciation and super-glorification, the confusion of superlatives, the outstanding fact that friend and foe agree that Bryan held the convention in the hollow of his hand—that it bent to his will as "a steed that knows its rider." He reshuffled the stacked deck and forced a new deal. He captured the steam roller, reversed it, and flattened his enemies. He was the executioner, not the corpse.

Was it the triumph of a man of supreme political genius or was it a vindication of principle? It was both. His enemies charge that he was impelled by a spirit of self-interest and self-gratification, that he was actuated by greed, ambition and revenge. They say he was getting \$1000 per day for a syndicate article and was therefore prolonging the convention; that he was trying to bring about a dead-lock between the two leading candidates, thus to increase the likelihood of his own nomination; that he deserted the Clark camp out of spite and opposed Judge Parker because of spleen. Avarice, personal ambition, and vindictive betrayal of friendship, are the charges made against him. Subjected to analysis, this triple accusation will be found to be foolishly paradoxical. To borrow from the un-

forgotten iconoclast, Brandt, it would seem that the acorn-headed fool who wears a thimble for a cap to keep away marauding jays, should have sense enough to know that had Bryan gone into the convention to manoeuvre for the nomination he would have been too wise to act as a paid reporter, and too cunning to oppose Judge Parker or antagonize Champ Clark. If he desired the nomination, it must be admitted that he wore the cap and bells and full uniform of a dunce. The result should be ample answer to these puerile charges. Such victories do not perch on the banners of vindictiveness, slit-eyed avarice and selfish ambition; for these are weapons of the weakling. And that was a battle in which a giant won.

The enemies of the Great Commoner accuse his friends of having placed him on a pedestal too high for one of human stature; they insist that he has been invested with attributes that belong to the gods and not to mortal men. But surely his friends are pardonable if they point from his submergence in three disastrous defeats to the recent magnificent victory against immeasurable odds as evidence of the fact that he must pass into the gross of history as one of its colossal figures. He is an example of the success of defeat. The secret of his power lies in the purity of his heart, the loftiness of his ideals, and his supreme consecration to duty. He is misunderstood because his language cannot be found in the lexicon of practical politics. He is a Christian statesman who learned his political catechism at a mother's knee and drew his later inspiration from the principles of altruism taught by the Nazarene.

FANCY AND FRIED CHICKEN.

Did you ever, in the pearl dawn of a summer morning, in an upstairs room with the windows raised and the door ajar, the curtains gently stirred by winds a-wander from the fields of sleep, a robin caroling from a nearby tree—did you ever, thus lying abed in a lotos-landed maze of melody and dreams, thrill suddenly to the touch of invading spirals of fragrance, as floating up the stairway and winging through the windows on invisible waves of steam, you caught the electric odor of chicken frying brown?

You have? Then you know what Lanier meant when from his music-drowned heart he fished that line about a lane into heaven that leads from a dream.

And you know what it means to have sweet-breathing maiden fairies press your eyelids down and lead you into shining kitchens and rose-perfumed dining-rooms, in shaded country places, where woe-kinked "Mammies," black as moonless midnight, charm dough into fluffs of flaky lightness and meats into crackling heavenly browns; and where beaming Methodist parsons turn aside from prayer to enter Paradise. Or do the fairies play you false and stop you at the keyhole, a barefoot, hungry boy, with eyes boring through the provoking aperture at the disappearing feast—or peeping from behind clinging rose bushes at the window in the yard? Oh, sun-browned health and houn'-dog hunger! oh, picnics and lavender-scented girls with shy, virginal yearnings in concealing eyes—unspoiled, free-limbed country lassies, wildly graceful, modest and simple, yet as splendidly regal as wild lily bells! Lapping waters, hobbling (or popping) corks, camp-meeting tents and laughter-ringing groves! Did it ever occur to you how many memories and potentialities of poetry rise in the odoriferous steam from a sizzling, greasy skillet and a succulent young cock?

A Girl's Wild Midnight Ride.

To warn people of a fearful forest fire in the Catskills a young girl rode horseback at midnight and saved many lives. Her deed was glorious but live are often saved by Dr. King's New Discovery in curing lung trouble, cough and colds, which might have ended in consumption or pneumonia. "It cured me of a dreadful cough and lung disease," writes W. R. Patterson, Wellington, Texas, "after four in our family had died with consumption, and I gained 87 pounds." Nothing so sure and safe for all throat and lung trouble. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by John E. Jackson.

Why a third party? What's the use? Mr. Roosevelt hasn't advanced a correct, popular idea for years that was not stolen clip and clean from Mr. Bryan. Mr. Wilson is an embodiment of all the "progressiveness" needed in this country. Progressive Democrats, stand ready!

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

SNAP SHOTS

Bryan may not be a winner, but he is a Warwick.

It appears that Richard Evelyn Byrd flew the coop.

Pikes, petards, and heads will be the slogan in the next State campaign.

"Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self control led men to sovereign power." That's him!

Like the Phoenix he rises full-statured from the ashes of defeat. Like Banquo's ghost he will not down.

Speaking literally, there was but one St. George to buck the Dragon, and Virginia furnished him.

So, Speaker Clark was wise in not resigning and filing his application for re-election to the Senate.

Those whispered consultations between Thomas Fortune and Thomas Staples doubtless had reference to some urgent department running.

It took forty-three ballots to convince the Big Four—Martin, Ryan, Swanson and Flood—that Underwood was not Virginia's choice for the Presidency.

By the way, was Governor Mann a half or a whole delegate? Or did he split and vote two ways? Of course he made careful inquiry as to the temperance antecedents of the different candidates before making a selection.

The Roanoke Times devotes a column to an editorial explanation of how Bryan didn't do it. Col. Williams will at least admit that the Nebraska gent had the calf by the tail.

It would be quite unfair to assume that T. Fortune Ryan purposely took the seat behind Senator Martin or that the Senator purposely took the seat in front of Mr. Ryan. It was one of those unavoidable accidents that will not be explained.

The Virginia Democracy needs a new steam roller with Stuart and Tucker in the harness and the rank and file pushing.

If Wilson is defeated next November one certain party will have as much or more to do with the defeat than any other one. His name is, Over Confidence. Look out for him. He is a dangerous individual and an undesirable citizen. Kick him out!

The Clinch Valley News predicted sometime ago that Roosevelt and his party would never materialize—that all factions would eventually get together. It is a way Republicans have, when danger is scented in the air.

In our judgment President Taft's nomination was a tainted nomination. There was in it trickery and fraud. Strip to its practical essentials, it was a nomination by a minority instead of a majority.—Evening Post, Rep.

William Jennings Bryan and Thomas Fortune Ryan Stepped out in the arena for a match; And when the blow descended Thomas Fortune was tail-ended, And William didn't bear a single scratch!

Unfortunately, to a large proportion of the public, wealth is a synonym for respectability, and a man's liberality with the money he may have obtained ever so fraudulently is made to cover a multitude of sins.—Journal Am. Medical Association.

Governor Wilson's nomination was brought about almost entirely without the aid of machine politics, and his candidacy is going to give a setback to the said politics in the country generally and in the States particularly.

The delegates at Baltimore were certain that they were not nominating a candidate merely, but a President of the United States. That's one reason why both sides so stubbornly held their ground.

The Baltimore Sun and the New York World made great fights for Wilson, and are deserving of the highest praise and appreciation from all good Democrats everywhere. Now, these great papers will be equally active and potent in his election.

It was reported that Claude and Hal did some furious verbal clawing around the Virginia headquarters in Baltimore. It seems that they couldn't agree as to the candidate the dear people wanted. The sequel will be an ominous scratching—of ballots—when their recreant heads pop up again and begin wheezing out the old platitudes about party loyalty and benevolent organization.

ELIMINATED?

The latest Bryan eliminator is Gov. Dix, of New York. Since the Commoner's defeat in 1896, times without number has he been eliminated by Senators, Congressmen, Governors, street corner aces, lobby loafers, hotel-porch olomons, editors, capitalists, doctors, lawyers, butchers, bakers and candle-stick makers—all degrees of riffraff and high-brow, fool and wisemore, have joined in the obsequies and carried funeral tapers. He has been eliminated oftener by more eliminators than any man since Adam. Ossa h been piled on Pelion and Pelion piled on his disturbing and despised remains. He has been collared, cribbed, cabined and confined; secluded, sealed, damned and delivered. Mountains of loathing and avalanches of curses have been heaped upon his shrouded form. Eliminated? Fire was flched from heaven to average Prometheus. As well attempt to harness the winds or stop the stars as undertake to eliminate Bryan. The platform on which he stands is bedded in the Sermon on the Mount and the forces behind him are invincible and eternal!

WOODROW WILSON.

The next President of the United States is truly a great man. He combines qualities of heart, mind and character rarely found in one man in such large measure. In mentality he is the peer of Root or Bailey. As an all-round scholar he is superior to Lodge. He has been a life-long student of the problems that affect government, and has proved that he is not only a doctrinaire, but a practical administrator of affairs and an efficient executive. His mind cuts with razor-edged nicety, and his incisive and illuminating style is not equaled by any contemporary writer or speaker. The clarity and force of his language reminds one of Francis Bacon. He has the remarkable gift of so directing his thought and constructing his sentences as to enlighten and charm alike the savant and the comparatively unlearned. But best of all he is frank, candid, catholic, democratic, fearless, and ruggedly honest. He will not be frightened, coerced or flattered, by the powers that prey, into a betrayal of the people. Virginia hails her great son and assures him that the fourteen delegates who opposed his nomination did not represent her wish nor register her will.

Ex-Governor Hoge Tyler is wearing a smile that wont come off.

WONDERFUL!

Some of the most wonderful and far-seeing political prophecies, and most profound, erudite and eye-opening political philosophy sent out from Baltimore appeared in the Times-Dispatch, furnished by Mr. Alexander Frouard:

"He (Flood) is a strong possibility" for nomination for Vice-President because he jumps on Mr. Bryan. "Nor is there any cause, as yet, for believing that Wilson has a reasonable chance." Wonderful prognostications and deliverances, these and they are only samples of much more of the same sort.

LOYAL TO CLARK

Everybody must admire the loyalty and steadfastness of the delegates from Missouri, who stuck to Champ Clark. They went down but with flying colors, and the band playing. All honor to the brave Missourians! Champ Clark and Mr. Underwood are both needed in the important and responsible positions they hold and have held for sometime in the Senate and House in Washington. They have wrought well, and will still do better after the November election. Here is consolation and compensation!

WANTED

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN To prepare for positions now awaiting them in banks, railroad and business offices. We have money calls for office help than we can supply. Low summer rates until August 15th. 10 MORE FREE SCHOLARSHIPS will be given to the first making application for them. The opportunity of a lifetime to secure a scholarship in one of the South's oldest, highest endowed, and leading business colleges. Call or write at once for information. Southern Commercial School, Bristol and Chattanooga, Tenn.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under its personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

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NOTICE—Public Sale of the Personal Estate
of S. T. Heninger, Deceased, Tuesday,
July 16, 1912.

The undersigned, W. E. Peery, Administrator of S. T. Heninger, deceased, late of Burke's Garden, Tazewell County, Virginia, will, on the 16th day of July, 1912, ten o'clock a. m., on the respective premises of which said S. T. Heninger died seized and possessed, in Burke's Garden, Tazewell County, Virginia, offer for sale publicly to the highest bidders, all personal estate belonging to said decedent, now on said premises, except certain household and kitchen furniture; said personally consisting of 258 lambs 360 ewes, 30 head cattle (feeders), 8 horses, 32 bucks, 3 cows and calves, 1 red bull, certain valuable poplar and cherry lumber, farming machinery, plows, mowing machines, wagons, harness, clip of several hundred sheep for seven years, one saw mill and certain fixtures, Frick make, with 20 horse power engine, a list of all said property will be found in the appraisal on file in the Clerk's Office of Tazewell County, Virginia.

The above mentioned sheep and lambs are well bred Dorset Horns, and should be attractive to any persons who desire to raise this strain of sheep, as they are high bred.

TERMS OF SALE:

All purchases under \$10.00 to be cash in hand on day of sale, and the wool and lambs for cash; all purchases of other property \$10.00 and over will be on a credit of six months, with interest from date of sale, and for which purchaser will be required to execute note with good personal security, bearing interest from date of sale, payable to the Administrator.

WILLIAM E. PEERY,

Administrator of the estate of Samuel T. Heninger, deceased.

North Tazewell, Va., r. f. d. 2, June 19, 1912.

NOTE: At the same time and places, J. Powell Royall, guardian of Lula May Wilson, an infant, will rent the real estate of Samuel T. Heninger, deceased, consisting of valuable grazing boundaries.

Notice of the Rental of Valuable Real Estate
in Burke's Garden, Tazewell County, Va.

The undersigned, Guardian of Lula May Wilson, an infant, will, on Tuesday, the 16th day of July, 1912, on the premises hereinafter mentioned, rent at public auction, to the highest bidder, the following real estate owned by the late Samuel T. Heninger:

FIRST: All that part of the home place of the said Samuel T. Heninger lying north of the public road which runs through what is known as the "Home Place", excepting and reserving the barn and barn lot and the scales and scale lot on the north side of the road.

SECOND: All of the land belonging to the said estate of the said Samuel T. Heninger lying on the mountain known as the Chestnut Ridge and known as his "Mountain Place", excepting and reserving, however, from said rental that part of said mountain place now being grazed by John D. Greever, and excepting as reserving also such parts of said mountain place as is now being cultivated by the lessees of the said Samuel T. Heninger.

TERMS.

The said lands above mentioned will be rented from the above date until the 15th day of November, 1912 and no longer, and the said rental will be for cash; or, at the option of the renter or renters, the rent money may be paid on the 15th day of November, 1912, with interest from the 16th day of July, 1912, and secured by a note or notes with good personal security.

J. POWELL ROYALL, Guardian of Lula May Wilson, an infant.

NOTE: At the same time and places, Wm. E. Peery, Administrator of the estate of S. T. Heninger, will sell personal property belonging to said S. T. Heninger.

CORTRIGHT METAL
SHINGLESRoofs Put on
26 Years Agoare as good as new, and have
never needed repairs—never
need attention of any kind, ex-
cept an occasional coat of paint.

Storm-proof Fire-proof Lightning-proof

Don't buy that roof for the new building, or re-roof the old, until you have examined the Cortright Metal Shingles.

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